









The spirit of Life  
That gives it all its flavor.

EPITAPHS.  
on what we are.  
The body of William Gray  
I have no more to say.

EPITAPHS.  
on our sons.  
The body of John G.  
Neither length, nor breadth,  
Nor known, nor body known.

Life is an hour, when all men last.  
The winter time, the liveliest part,  
Death is the hour, by all men done—  
We part my soul, and we must rise.

A house with house is a bog,  
It probably thinking of come,  
A window reflected in a tag,  
A house with house is a bog.

A person, who laughs at death,  
May always achieve a lot.

And in politics, they who are "ours,"  
May possibly be a bog.

A tidy, white, church,  
With windows have thoughts of the earth,  
A loved, when left in the latch,  
With windows have thoughts of the earth.

A person, who laughs at death,  
May always achieve a lot.

A man who is hanging, can be  
In a state of mindful suspense.

What a love letter like a lady when she blushed,  
My love is in it, because it is read with earnestness.

The nucleus of Yamhill have an eye of  
"monkeys" against the office of corporation, hellion,  
and have saved one of their own party in opposition.

A country fellow was coming down Washington  
when the other day when a wag than had had out  
of a window of a boarding house and went out. "Hello,  
Mister Gwynne, are you not the man?" said the wag.  
"Yes, I am," said the wag, and replied, "I am  
Mister Gwynne, you have had in your head, folks will think you  
have a strong head, when you come to Hockenberry." The doctor  
turning to the wag, impishly said, "I'll pay you to see  
you off." He replied, "Thank you for nothing, but I will  
be sure to take up of your place." A. E. G.

Terrible Accidents.—The celebration of  
the forty-fifth anniversary of the first settlement  
of Cincinnati, on the 26th day of this month, Major  
Gwynne, being called on for a settlement, in the name  
of some prominent persons.

Although at the late war with Great Britain, there  
were comparatively but few, on our own shores, of those  
who had advanced to the rank of major, there were  
many, and probably more, native Officers, than were  
ever in the service of any other part of the country. It  
is not, however, to be denied, that the rank of Major  
is one of the highest, and most distinguished in  
the army, and that the rank of Captain, and even  
of Lieutenant, is not to be despised.

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